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Land of my ancestors! thus sorrowing hails
Thy shores, a queen who royalty bewails;
Fain in that realm loved ties shall e'er recal
She'd live—be happy—suffer—rule, or fall—
But France! adieu!—high heaven ordains not so—
Come, untried Scotia! majesty and woe!

H. Y.

CRUMBS OF CRITICISM.

Family Library, No. XVI. Demonology and Witchcraft. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. London, Murray.

This volume consists of ten letters on witches and warlocks, addressed by Sir Walter Scott to his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart. After a general account of demonology and witchcraft, and its peculiar characteristics among the Orientalists, the Celts, and the Goths, Sir Walter proceeds to give a series of narratives of remarkable cases, with such observations as naturally arise out of them. We have only been able to glance over the volume, which seems extremely curious and interesting, and every way worthy of its distinguished author.

The Journal of a Naturalist. Third edition. London, Murray.

We are glad to see that this delightful book, which presents us with so clear and vivid an account of the most beautiful and interesting phenomena of nature, has already reached a third edition. It now scarcely stands in need of further commendation, and we shall therefore content ourselves with recommending it cordially to such of our readers as may not be already acquainted with its contents.

The Family Library, No. XV. The History of the British Empire in India. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, 3 vols. vol. I. London, Murray.

It was originally intended to confine this work to a connected narrative of the rise and progress of the British empire in Asia. In the course of the work, however, the author discovered that in attempting to separate the later from the earlier portions of Indian history, a degree of obscurity would be thrown over the details which would involve continual digressions and explanations of a very unsatisfactory kind. It was therefore resolved to extend the plan so as to embrace the annals of India from the earliest times, with which this first volume is principally occupied,

the history of British India being carried no lower than to the establishment of the three presidencies. Mr. Gleig's intimate acquaintance with the subject, and general fitness for the task, were sufficiently proved in his life of Sir Thomas Munro, and we rejoice to say that the present volume fully answers the anticipations we had formed of it. This volume is very handsomely embellished too, with six plates and a map.

The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart. K.C.B. late Governor of Madras, with extracts from his correspondence and private papers. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. vol. 3. London, Colburn & Bentley.

Many months ago we reviewed Mr. Gleig's life of Sir Thomas Munro, in two vols. The third commences with an explanation of the causes which led to the publication of this then unintended volume. As the former part of the work is so generally and favourably known, we have only to add, that the supplemental volume is altogether worthy of its predecessors, and fully sustains the high estimate every reader must have formed of the character of Sir Thomas. It contains a number of extremely interesting letters too, from the Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellesley.

The Friend of Australia; or a Plan for exploring the Interior, and for carrying on a survey of the whole Continent of Australia. By a retired officer of the Hon East India Company's service. Illustrated with a Map of Australia and five plates. 8vo. London, Hurst, Chance & Co.

The object of this work is to recommend to the notice of the British government a plan for exploring the interior of Australia. It is a strange wild scheme, very unpromising in itself, and little aided by the extraordinary language in which it is conveyed.

Select Satires of Decius Junius Juvenal, with a Paraphrase and Notes in English, by the Rev. John Hawkesworth, L. L. D. Head Master of the Feinaiglian Institution, Luxembourg.—Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co.; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Hurst, Chance and Co. London.

THIS is an unpretending, pretty little edition of the Satires of Juvenal, which are read in the classical course of the Irish university. The text, given by the bishop of Ferns* in his excellent edition of the same, is adopted in this, and, what is of the utmost importance in a book intended for the use of junior students, is printed with great correctness. The paraphrase serves as a running commentary, too free to give material assistance in *literal* translation, and yet well calculated to explain the meaning and connexion of the words. It is executed with much fidelity, and great spirit; perhaps, however, it shows, in some instances, more vivacity than taste:

Verum ubi plura nitent—non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.

We speak now only of the performance; of the plan we wish to say nothing. The learned doctor must, doubtless, have considered before he undertook the work, whether it was advisable to put into the hands of schoolboys, an edition whose distinguishing characteristic is, that it saves them the trouble of thinking, and from his professional experience he must be fully capable of forming a good opinion on the subject.

The text is adhered to as closely as the nature of a paraphrase would admit, and the deficient links in the chain of reasoning supplied; yet as explanatory of critical difficulties in particular passages, the edition has but slender pretensions. A paraphrase, indeed, will not allow sufficient minuteness—it is satisfied with giving the meaning, and loves not the grammatical detail. Why not, therefore, embody in the notes the information which the paraphrase could not afford? Surely it would have been more useful, than giving almost nothing but translations of the bishop's notes on the historical and geographical allusions. These are no proof of sound scholarship; they are but the hereditary filling matter of each successive editor, and in our judgment only encourage the idleness of boys, who might with little trouble find more extensive and satisfactory informa-

tion on such subjects in Lempriere's classical dictionary, or Butler's ancient geography. But to give an example of what we mean: In *Sat.* xiv. 225 the words

"Nam quisquis magni censûs præcepit amorem
Et lævo monitu pueros producit avaros:
Et qui per fraudes patrimonia couduplicare
Dat libertatem, et totas effundit habenas
Curriculo."

are thus paraphrased:—"He who encourages his son in the breach of honesty, to what he considers a moderate extent; who thinks he may, without scruple, allow him to double his patrimony by fraud, opens the door to every iniquity, and gives him an impulse which defies control, &c." We conceive that this passage deserves a note, not merely for the instruction of the reader, but likewise for the justification of the paraphrase. For it seems questionable whether the passage was correctly understood even by the doctor, but assuredly, although it was, the reader could never discover from so loose a translation what the construction is. How much better would it have been, to have given in a note the information that the first and third *et* must be translated *also*, in the sense that the father, who *magni censûs præcepit amorem*, *et* (also, at the same time) *lævo monitu producit pueros avaros*, &c. *et* and *q. p. f. p. c. d. l. et*, also &c. But *dictum sapienti sat est*. In the 3d satire, however, l. 185, the paraphrase is not ambiguous, but incorrect. The words of Juvenal are,

"Tabulata tibi jam tertia fumant;
Tu necis: nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis,
Ultimus ardebit, quem tegula sola," &c.

They are thus paraphrased by Dr. Hawkesworth:

"The third story is already enveloped in smoke, before you are aware of the danger; you will, however, feel it at length: for as *surely* as the fire commences in the bottom, *it will at length* reach the tiles, where you lodge," &c. This is not the meaning of Juvenal. He is describing the miserable situation of the poor man, who is unable to procure any better lodging than a garret. He supposes the case of a fire, which commencing at the lowest story, has already reached the third, before he is aware of the danger. *Nam si gradibus trepidatur*, &c. accounts for his not knowing that the house was on fire; for if it commences in the bottom, (*imus gradus*,) the

* Dr. Elrington, formerly Provost of Trinity College Dublin.

highest story, in which he lodges, *ardebit ultimus*, will take fire *the last*.

We have already alluded to the character of the notes; to this we have only to add, that we would that Dr. H. had translated the bishop with the same care that he has paraphrased the satirist. We should not then have found *Euphranor*, a celebrated statuary, or *Polycletus*, a painter, as we read in the note on *Sat.* iii. 208. A malicious opposer of Latin annotation might hence deduce a confirmation of the opinion that the notes are often more difficult to translate than the text. But we draw no such inference, ab uno disce omnes, however epic, is not always a just precept.

We say nothing about mistaking *Diana* for *Latona*, in note *Sat.* xiii. 51.—the mother and daughter have a family likeness;—nor of some other slips, for we dread the reproof,

Quid tu?
Nullane habes vitia?

It is a pity that there are such blemishes in a book otherwise deserving of much praise. The text is expurgated and correct—the paraphrase excellent—the prosody of words liable to be mistaken, accurately marked, and the four satires read for entrance, printed separately without paraphrase or notes, that it may be used as a class book. The very neat and perfect manner, moreover, in which the mechanical part of the work is executed, does great credit to both the publishers and printers.

While on the subject of works brought out in Dublin, we cannot help expressing our surprise and regret that the University press is not rendered more available in this way, both for the credit and advantage of our city. It is well known that royal universities, in common with king's printers, possess peculiar privileges for printing and publishing certain classes of books, as for example bibles and prayer-books, on cheaper terms than private individuals, who indeed are very properly precluded from publishing bibles at all, lest in the competition for cheapness, bad and incorrect editions might be palmed upon the public by incompetent and irresponsible persons. Of these privileges the universities of Oxford and Cambridge avail themselves to an immense extent. Were they similarly acted upon here, a sum of from thirty to forty thousand pounds annually, in bibles and prayer-books alone, would be secured to Dublin, and would, probably, lay the foundation of a much more extended system of book printing, and raise

our metropolis to something like her natural elevation as a publishing city, which would, at least, be far above the position that Edinburgh already holds; yet from the printing presses of that minor capital we are still content to be supplied with a prodigious number of standard works, with the bible at their head. We throw out these suggestions with every kind and warm feeling towards the present heads of the venerable institution to which we refer. We are quite sure that whatever may have caused the neglect by which the undoubted privileges of the Dublin university press have been suffered to remain so long in abeyance, the fault does not lie with the present provost, than whom no man could be more active or diligent in watching over the rights and interests confided to his care.

Address to the Belfast Historic Society.
By James Emerson. Newry; Morgan and Dunlop.

The Belfast Historic Society is, we believe, chiefly composed of young persons engaged in business in that commercial town, who meet together at stated periods to discuss questions of a historical, political, or ethical nature. Such meetings are certainly calculated to excite a spirit of reading and inquiry infinitely superior to the sluggish apathy respecting every thing intellectual which would otherwise be but too apt to stagnate in the minds of such men as those for whose benefit this society is intended. The worst of it is, that all the exertion and all the preparation too commonly fall upon some two or three individuals, who are possessed of that degree of industry and cleverness which usually indicate talent. Here, as elsewhere, we perceive a loud complaint of small attendance and want of preparation.

We have lately been favoured with a sight of the MS. minutes of a society of this kind, which Edmund Burke, William Dennis, Edward Shackleton, Buck, Hamilton and Ardesoif, carried on for some time with great spirit. The proceedings are extremely curious, and every thing relating to the constitution and laws of the society is debated with a mock gravity, and in a lofty language that render the written record delightfully droll. A fundamental law was to punish absence, or neglect of preparation on the subject proposed, by fine and censure. The usual fine was a half-penny. Three half-pence in one night forfeited a member's vote for the next.

The vote lost three nights running destroyed his next right of presidency. Three successive losses of the presidency caused public admonition. Three such admonitions caused expulsion. The sixth law was, that 'whoever will not subscribe to these laws shall not be admitted; and he that denies his debts to the club shall be immediately expelled.'

The president, we observe, ordered particular members to prepare an essay, or a speech on some subject which he specified, and punished the offender rigidly for non-performance.

We should recommend the Belfast, and all similar societies to resort to some such plan as this.

Mr. Emerson's is really an eloquent and impressive address; somewhat too laboured, and loaded with learning and quotation, but this is a common and easily excusable fault in so young an author. The typographical appearance of the *brochure* does great credit to the Newry press.

A Key to the Correct Pronunciation of every Word in the French Language.
By B. Du Gué. Dublin; Cumming.

This is a concise tract, containing rules for the pronunciation of every word in the French language, (founded on the sound of the French letters,) according to the dictionary of the Academy. Each letter is considered separately, and also in combination with such other letters as would be likely to occasion difficulty to beginners. Precise rules are likewise given, with enumerations of the necessary exceptions, to direct the learner where the letters ought not to be pronounced. This little elementary treatise is extremely well executed, and does great credit to M. Du Gué.

National Library, Vol. I.—Life of Lord Byron; by John Galt, Esq.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

This is a book of considerable interest, and abounding in faults. Taking it as a whole, it is neither well written nor ill written, but it is deformed by grotesque singularities unsuited to such a work, and still more by an ill-concealed spitefulness respecting the subject of the biography, which, if the author could not subdue, he had better not have written the book. Under any circumstances, the temper in which the remarks upon Lord Byron and his peculiarities are penned, would be disagreeably conspicuous

to an unprejudiced reader, but it is particularly so when we contrast it, as we cannot help doing, with the generous spirit of kindred genius which Mr. Moore has displayed in his book—a spirit which even though it should appear too extenuating for severe justice, is yet highly honourable to the feelings of the distinguished biographer, and perfectly consistent with literary integrity, in one who gives the materials upon which he forms his judgment. The observation of small faults, or the recollection of trifling animosities, when treating of a man of such transcendent genius as Lord Byron, are evidences of a mind not great enough for what it has undertaken.

Mr. Galt indulges in freedoms with the king's English in his book, which if not correct, are at least amusing—such phrases as "Cartilagenous genius," and "gelatinous character," are extremely pleasant absurdities. Not so the word "clamjamphry,"—it is merely vulgar Scotch. The word *kith*, too, seems to be mistaken for English; perhaps because Sir Walter Scott had put it into the mouth of King James, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. The book is very nicely got up, and all things considered—the interest of the subject—the reputation of the author, and the expense of the mechanical part of so nice a volume, it is very cheap.

Narrative of a Journey over Land from England, by the Continent of Europe, Asia, and the Red Sea, to India; including a residence there and a voyage home, in the years 1825, 26, 27 and 28. By Mrs. Colonel Elwood. 2 vols. 8vo. London; Colburn and Bentley.

Mrs. Elwood's is really a very lady-like and pleasant book, full of that delicate grace and truth and feminine interest which characterise the writings of the sex. Even every day occurrences and household details are given in that minute and graphic, yet light unobtrusive way, that cannot fail to gratify and charm with the sense of home and reality. In that part of the book which contains her residence in India, a descriptive sketch is given of the provinces of Guzerat and Cutch, which, as relating to districts hitherto little known or examined, is highly interesting. The general character of the volumes is, however, light and entertaining rather than calculated or professing to convey any very novel or important information.

Retrospections of the Stage. By the late John Bernard, manager of the American theatres, and formerly secretary to the Beef-Steak club. 2 vols. 12mo. London; Colburn and Bentley.

This is one of the pleasantest books of its gossip class, that we have looked into for a long while. Mr. Bernard was born at Portsmouth in 1756, evinced, very early, a decided predilection for the stage, and notwithstanding the wish of his family, which was respectable, that he should follow some steadier and more thriving occupation than that of a player, he persevered in his purpose, and played on to the end of his chapter. The book is a highly amusing retrospect of dramatic matters for the last half century, with many old jokes and stories, some of them very good ones.

The Child's Own Book, illustrated with nearly 300 engravings, by eminent artists. London, Miller; Dublin, Milliken.

A nice little book for nice little boys and girls whose papas and mammas are not so resolved on precocious utilitarians in their nursery as to deny the perusal of Aladdin and Ali Baba, Cinderella and Goody two Shoes, Gulliver, Hop o' my Thumb, Pippin, Puss in Boots and Philip Quarle. These, and many such, are got up in this little volume, under the inspection of a lady, and adorned with a multitude of well executed embellishments.

The Devil's Progress; a poem. Relfe, London.

This is a *Jeu d'Esprit* on the plan of a little poem called the Devil's Walk, falsely attributed to Porson, and now supposed to have been principally written by Coleridge. The "Progress," like the late editions of the 'Walk' is embellished with striking wood cuts and elucidated with notes. It is dedicated to his majesty's attorney general (Sir James,) in testimony of his zeal in the cause of its hero. It commences with a somewhat dull satire, in prose, upon the puff system of the Burlington-street press, and sets forth upon the title page that it is written by the editor of the Court Journal, a joke the excessive humour of which is, no doubt, deemed an ample excuse for its extreme impudence. The verse part, which is a political and personal satire upon men and things in England, or rather London, is often spirited enough; but nothing

beyond what any literary man of average cleverness could easily produce, if he thought fit.

A Dictionary of the Military Science; containing an explanation of the principal terms used in Mathematics, Artillery, and Fortification; and comprising the substance of the latest regulations on Courts Martial, Pay, Pensions, Allowances, &c. a comparative table of ancient and modern geography; achievements of the British army; with an address to gentlemen entering the army. By E. S. N. Campbell, Lieut. 22d Regiment. 8vo. London; Baldwin and Cradock.

This is a regular *vade-mecum* for all candidate cornets and embryo banner bearers. The author, a young officer we believe, has been educated at the Military College, Sandhurst, and has had considerable practical experience as adjutant and deputy judge-advocate to the reserve of the 15th. He has also had a good advice in compiling his work from able and experienced officers; we presume, therefore, that it is well adapted to answer the purpose for which it has been written.

The Revolt of the Angels; and the Fall from Paradise; an Epic Drama. By Edmund Reade. London, Colburn and Bentley.

We remember reading, last year, a very foolish poem, called *Cain*, about angels hopping from star to star, and other absurdities, with some impiety, and much more than a due proportion of unacknowledged plagiarism. The said poem was attributed, and we believe truly, to Mr. Edmund Reade. There is a deal of nonsense in this new book too. In Mr. Reade's version of the Creation, the old heresy of the Manichees is revived, for he represents Lucifer as creating Adam in defiance of the Almighty. Mr. Reade calls this 'justifying the ways of God to man;' more fool he. The whole production is vague, unsatisfactory, and revolting to the beauty and the majesty of our simple and sublime belief: here and there, however, there are imaginative and poetical passages scattered at intervals over the murky mass.

We really think Mr. Read is capable of very respectable poetry if he would steer clear of mysteries and matters of faith, which he handles in a very unseemly and unedifying manner.